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MR. RYAN'S SINCERITY.

If Mr. Thomas F. Ryan is sincere in his willingness to get out of the Equitable he should formally notify Gov. Higgins to that effect and ask the Governor to recommend to the Legislature the enactment of legislation accordingly. Mr. Ryan cannot complain because the public are suspicious of him. In every one of his many corporate transactions prior to this the outcome has been the possession of the control and the assets by him and loud wails from the former owners.

For Mr. Ryan to explain that he has made an agreement with Paul Morton to get out whenever Mr. Morton thinks best is equivalent to saying that he has made an agreement to do as he pleases, for Paul Morton is his man and was put in the Equitable by him.

If public indignation over life insurance corruption should subside before Mr. Ryan withdraws, there is no ground to hope that Mr. Paul Morton will put him out.

COATS AND COLLARS.

Physical comfort is not as dependent on external temperature as on internal conditions. Humid air at 85 degrees is more uncomfortable than dry air at blood heat. This is familiar to every one who has experienced the different effects between the lower heat of the Russian room and higher temperature of the dry-room in Turkish baths.

Here is where the manner of dressing and the food consumed come in as such great factors in the effects of hot weather. Men seem less adaptable in this respect than women, which accounts for the cooler appearance of women and the public sveltering of almost all men. Women do not wear coats in the summer time or starched linen collars and they do not put several thicknesses of cloth over their chests, backs and shoulders.

Coats and collars are responsible for many red faces and oppressive discomforts. Pajamas such as are worn in the tropical countries would make the most comfortable masculine apparel these days. A man attired in one thickness of loose-fitting garments would tend to cool off in the slightest breeze. In India water is cooled without ice by putting it in porous vessels suspended in a draft. The evaporation cools the contents of the jar below the external temperature.

In like manner the human system has mechanism for keeping cool, which will work if a fair chance is given it. The perspiration evaporating through a porous garment will cool the surface of the skin and lower the temperature of the blood. If the perspiration is checked and the dampness exuded from the pores confined to the surface of the skin the effect will be heating. If in addition there is a tight, starched collar to prevent the natural circulation of air around the neck, and a coat of a dark color which attracts heat, the effect is the opposite of what nature has made provision for.

The disuse of coats and collars during the summer time, the wearing of only such garments as have not been starched, for starch closes the pores, and the adoption by men of some of the cool ideas of women's summer dress would make life in the dog days much more tolerable.

Another candidate has appeared against George Washington Plunkitt for the Tammany leadership of the Fifteenth District. He is Alderman Richter, who The McManus said had to pay Plunkitt for his nomination.

If a pretty girl cannot say good-night to her young man on the stoop what is she to do? There are hundreds of blocks in New York which have no front yard or hammock or gate.

Charles F. Dodge's \$40 set of false teeth has been paid for by the City of New York.

Letters from the People.

Another B. R. T. Grievance.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The trains to Borough Park, Bath

and Umler Park and Coney Island run

only once in fifteen minutes. When

they do run (especially in rush hours)

they are jammed to the doors, and big

crowds wait and sweat and hustle and

jam to get aboard. This seems to me

unfair, as that line is the only direct

means of reaching the vast and popu-

lated district at Bath Beach and

Umler Park. Let us have trains every

seven minutes in rush hours and every

ten the rest of the day. The profits

surely will justify this slight concession.

CROSBY AVENUE.

The Gas-Window Law.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I noticed yesterday two men at vari-

ous times try to enter a Brooklyn el-

evated car by way of the windows, in-

stead of taking their chances with the

doors at the regular entrances. One was

arrested. The other was hailed out by

the neck and cursed. Why? I asked

a guard. He pointed to an inconspic-

uous and dirty sign forbidding such in-

gress. Not one passenger in forty can

see or read it. I don't blame the poor

fellow for trying to dodge that jam.

It seems outrageous to fine them \$10 for

trying to get in by the window. It is a

case of limited quality to live in Brook-

lyn. I E. P.

The Song of Mosquito Bill.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I'm Mosquito Bill, of Union Hill,

From out the swamp and marshes:

Of blood I'd sooner have my fill

Than Hungarian soups and chow.

My appetite is out of sight—

No indulgence I love to bite.

The Brooklynite I love to bite.

He's on my bill of fare.

I begin to sing before I sing.

For music, they say, hath charms;

And then I light and firmly cling

To neck or foot, or arm.

Wild passes are made, but I'm not

afraid.

For 'tis seldom that they land.

It's a risk, but what if it is,

I enjoy it to beat the band. G. S.

Found—One Defunct Cat.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I found a dead cat in the water this

morning while taking my swim in

Gravesend Bay. It is a perfectly good

cat and owner can have it by calling

at that part of the beach. It won't be

stolen in the meantime. I'm glad it's

there, for I weary of the vegetable

diet of melon rinds and cabbage leaves

cast up by the tide to tempt swimmers

appetites. NATATOR.

How to Keep the Baby Cool



HE trials of baby in this hottest of summers are largely due to the carelessness and ignorance of his mother.

Yesterday a baby of about eighteen months, with a high-necked and long-sleeved rock, was resting in the depths of his go-cart, surrounded with heavy elder-down pillows which rose up around his small body, adding to the heat and discomfort.

Baby had no hat on. There was no parasol on the cart, and he was being perambulated for his health by his fond mamma, who was shading her own features with a large picture hat.

The poor little baby was crying piteously, and the only way he could rest at all was by lying on his back staring at the sun. As soon as he turned on his side the heat from the pillows suffocated him.

He was almost purple in his face from the heat and angrily crying. His mother didn't seem to mind it at all, and continued to allow the sun to shine on her child's unprotected head.

Beside the present suffering of the poor baby, mother will have herself to blame if the child's

eyesight is defective. Nothing is worse for a child than to let it stare into the sun.

This morning another exhausted child was lying in its mother's arms, its head hanging, too far gone to cry, also heavily clad, shoes and stockings, the high neck and long sleeves adding to the heat of the little one, its little head scorching from the sun. Its little body even more heated by contact with the warm arms of the mother.

Another child in the trolley car was being jolted up and down by its mother and patted on the back in a barbarous way to ameliorate its sufferings from the heat. Besides, it was another victim with a tight cloak over its head and large ribbon rosettes fastened over its ears.

The Health Bureau informs us that almost seven hundred children have died during this hot spell. Perhaps a few of the deaths and much suffering may be attributed to causes like these just cited.

The happiest and healthiest children at present are those who wear the fewest clothes. A little flannel band around the stomach and one loose, light garment is plenty this hot weather.

A prominent doctor in one of the city hospitals gives the following suggestion:

Small children, like invalids, should avoid going out in the heat of the day. Their heads should

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

always be protected by a shade net or umbrella. Don't tie the child's cap tight under its chin. Take off its shoes and stockings, particularly its stockings, no matter whether it is fashionable or not.

Take off the ribbon rosettes from the baby's ears. This is a barbarous style for hot weather. Children are made harder by allowing them to go with low-neck and short-sleeved slips in summer, and are made more delicate by being enveloped in too much and too tight clothing.

Don't pad out baby's go-cart with stifling feather pillows. Give it one pillow, not too soft, to lie on. The wicker work of the carriage will allow plenty of ventilation, and ventilation is what baby is crying for at present.

Change the child's clothing in hot weather; never allow time for any friction or irritation by damp clothes, and where there is a tendency to itching or prickly heat bathe the little one frequently with tepid water to which a little vinegar has been added.

Don't bathe the baby when it is overheated by crying or exercise, nor after it has been fed.

If possible have a small hammock for the child, which should be swung out of doors or in the house, and let the baby lie in it. This will insure more air for the child and less heat. These hammocks are very inexpensive and are far better resting places for the little ones than the crib. Place the child in the hammock and fasten the sides over him securely to prevent falling out.

A "Baby Party."

PROBABLY the Boston hostess

made the sad blunder because

she lacked knowledge of human

nature. The invitations she sent

out for a recent festivity bore a

request that every guest should forward

at once a picture of herself or herself

taken in early infancy. Dainty types,

silhouettes and more modern

portraits were sent in. These were

arranged upon a great screen, with

names attached to them. On the night of

the reception every person received a

tablet and was required to write be-

side every number a guess at the iden-

tity of the corresponding picture. The

errors that were created a delightful

atmosphere of ill feeling, even among

dearly loved ones. When the pictures

were traced back to their owners, the

faces and the pictures of particularly

young babies.

Girls waxed wroth, as somebody

said, when gazing on the features of a

dimpled-cheeked infant. "How pretty

you were then," with particular stress

upon the adverb. Altogether, the "baby

party" was a highly frigid affair by the

time it ended.

Little Willie's Guide to New York.

The Gas-House District.



HE gas house district is where mister merfy and the big his come from it is on the east side and is full of tanx some of the tanx are painted red and some of them paint the district red. when mister merfy was young he used to watch those tanx from the hurricane deck of the horsecar and he said to himself: Those tanx are round and fat and not pritty to look at. But they take in cash from every section of nu yauk. Go I and do likewise and likewise he done it. Those tanx inspired mister merfy to the noble career of a gas house district. He waited for a chance to come in a whole lot of people are inspired but there bank ackownts arent, and the next month the familly goes out of town and shuts up the house; and then the gas tanx play a merry joak on them by making the bill for that month twice as large as the month befoar. so you see maybe the gas tanx got just a little insprashun from mister merfy too. the gas house district is called the althenth assembly district by people who doant like to hert mister merfy's feelings but a gas house district by anny name wood smell as sweet. good oald gas house district. A. P. TERHUNE.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

Housekeeper—I regret to say, sir, that

your son and the cook have eloped.

Rich Old Party—Thunderbolt! Then

we shan't have any dinner—fit-Bits.

Towne—There's no doubt about the

truth of the old saying that a man's

name will find him out.

Brownie—Yes, but not as quickly as his

wife will find him out—Philadelphia

Press.

Miss Ascum—I've often wondered, Mr.

Rymes, why you poets always speak

of the moon as "silver."

Mr. Rymes—Well—er—I suppose it's

because of the quarters and halve-

Philadelphia Press.

A woman can't sharpen a pencil, "tis

true.

But proudly she holds up her head

When she notes that a man, clumsy

creature, will do

When you give him a needle to thread.

—Washington Star.

The Visitor—What a delightfully snug

little flat you have!

The Renter—Isn't it? When we open

the door we're in the middle of the

room, and when the sunshine comes in

we have to move some of the furni-

ture out—Chicago Tribune.

"Yes, I've still got the first dollar I

ever made."

"That's rather remarkable."

"Not remarkable. Only queer." Since

it was my first, it was, of course, im-

perfect and hard to pass.—Philadel-

phia Ledger.

Nibbs—I left that boarding-house be-

cause the food was adulterated.

Quibbs—So?

Nibbs—Yes; it was so mixed up with

too much gossip; I couldn't stand for

it—Detroit Free Press.

We quite agree with those who insist:

there is no danger in running trains at

a high rate of speed; the trouble begins

when they stop suddenly.—Detroit Free

Press.

Mrs. Kilder—Oh, yes, he leads a regu-

lar dog's life with her.

Miss Gausasp—Indeed? Do you know

I suspected she wasn't all that she—

Mrs. Kilder—Yes, she's petting and

kissing him all the time.—Philadelphia

Press.

The Second Avenue Rubies

By Ernest De Lancey Pierson.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Dick Fenon, while carrying Mrs. Reayburn's \$50,000 ruby

necklace back to the jeweler's after a dance, is drugged,

and the rubies disappear. Alice Rayburn, his fiancée,

goes in search of him. She goes first to Mrs. Reayburn,

while there was a man's face peering in at the window.

Rayburn seems to recognize the face and is much

alarmed.

CHAPTER IV.

A Face in the Crowd.

FROM Mrs. Reayburn's Alice Rayburn went to the

scene of the previous night's happenings.

There in the street, surrounded by a crowd, lay

the broken carriage. Alice stood near enough to a

reporter to hear him tell a fellow scribbler that in the

bottom of the vehicle had been found a partly-smoked

cigar, heavy with narcotics.

She was turning away when a man jostled against

her coming out of the retreating crowd, and muttered

an oath under his breath as he passed on ahead.

At the turn of the next street he looked around him, and

he saw his face. It was the same that she had seen

peering out at the end of Mrs. Reayburn's garden, a

proceeding which had excited that lady exceedingly.

Without stopping to weigh the matter in her mind,

Alice started off in the direction the man had taken,

resolving that she would follow him until she learned

more about him. Mrs. Reayburn was surely implicated

in Dick's disappearance, and here was a man she evi-

dently feared. A friend of the lady's he was not. An

accomplice? More than likely.

Alice Rayburn wanted to know what bond there was

that existed between them.

The man whom Alice was following was tall, slender

and bronzed. He walked on to the ferry and Alice was

close enough to hear him ask for a ticket to Meadow-

hurst, a shabby Long Island suburb. She bought a

ticket for the same place and caught the same train

cast up by the tide to tempt swimmers

appetites. NATATOR.

hallucinations. In short, he had a knock on the head

which had upset his brain pan."

The doctor's watery eyes twinkled and he nodded as

if he understood.</